And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lyes,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe meet
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vsurer abound'st in all:
And vs'st none in that true vse indeed,
Which should be decke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the valour of a man.
Thy deare loue sworne, but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou hast vowd to cherish,
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
Misse-shapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skill-lesse Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy, *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tibalt*, there art thou happy.
The Law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
Happinesse courts thee in her best array,
But like a misbehau'd and sullen Wench,
Thou powts vpon thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your Marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thousand times more ioy

Then thou went'st forth in lamentation
Goe before *Nurse*, commend me to thy
And bid her hasten all the house to bed
Which heauie sorrow makes them apt
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue stayd he
To heare good counsell, oh what Lear
My Lord, Ile tell my Lady you will co

Ro. Doe so, and bid my Sweet prep

Nur. Here sir, a Ring she bids me gi
Hie you, make haste, for it growes very

Ro. How well my comfort is reuiu

Fri. Goe hence, goodnight, and her
Either be gone before the watch be se
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from
Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find out your
And he shall signifie from time to time
Euery good hap to you, that chances h
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, g

Ro. But that a ioy past ioy calls out
It were a griefe, so briefe to part with t
Farewell.

Enter old Capulet, *his Wif*

Ca. Things haue falne out sir so vnlu
That we haue had no time to moue our
Looke you, she lou'd her Kinsman *Tiba*
And so did I. Well we were borne to d
'Tis very late, shee'l not come downe to
I promise you, but for your company,
I would haue beene a bed an houre ago

Paris. These times of wo, affoord no
Madam goodnight, commend me to yo

La. I will, and know her mind early
To night she is mewed vp to her heauin

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperat
Of my childes loue: I thinke she will be

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)